

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

TERMS.
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From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
WEALTH AND POVERTY.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TOWN AND TIMES.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER IV.

It was near the close of a sultry day in the summer of 184—. The leaves of the maple groves which adorn the eastern portion of our fair city, moved gently in the soft breeze which had just sprung up; and the white sails that studded here and there the bosom of Lake Erie, swelled proudly, and pressed on with swifter motion, to their destined ports. Under the shadow of a tree, in one of the groves just mentioned, near the shore of the Lake, sat a stranger, travel worn and weary. His clothes were dusty, and showed that they had performed good service in their day. A time-worn hat lay at his feet, and the fresh breeze stole in among his thin fair hair, and strove to cool a parched and fevered brow. On the ground beside him was a small knapsack which contained the last remnant of the possessions of one of the wealthiest heirs of P——, the unfortunate Arthur Walworth. It was a lovely landscape that was spread before him, and he strove to call his attention from himself, and fix it on its beauties, but his dim eyes closed as if the effort to admire were pain, for he was faint, and sick at heart.

"O, for one kind heart on which I might breathe out my weary life!" he murmured; and his head sunk back heavily against the rough bark of the tree where he sat. And then, like the visions of cool fountains, and green shade to those that perish on the burning desert, there stole upon his thoughts a dream of home. The mother who had nursed and cherished him, and cared for all his wants; and the fair being who had made his early life a gilded maze of happiness flitted before his imagination. It is a strange thing that there are so few in this bustling world, who are ready to acknowledge the wealth of true affection, and to seek it as the one mine on earth, whose gems are worth possessing,—the only plant whose flowers will yield a fragrance that can soothe a care worn spirit. The pillow of wealth may be a gilded one, but 'tis hard as adamant; and that of fame is as cold as the glaciers of Mont Blanc,—restless, and tossing as the ocean billow. But when the dying head must rest upon the thorns of disappointed hopes,—hopeless in whose pursuit all the rich stores of human love were cast aside, or trampled under foot, how more than worthless must the aims of life appear. Arthur had never valued the pure, home affections below their real worth, but ambition had led him away from their light, and pride had forbidden his return.

"Bridget," said a tall, lean looking domestic, as she entered the kitchen of an obscure hotel. "The man that came last night, and was put in the old blue chamber is death like sick, I am certain. As I was coming along the passage way just now mid my pan 'an duster, 'an was just goin' to open that door, thinking that every body was up before this time, to be sure; I heard somebody within fetch an awful groan,—low like but sounded as if the heart was broken just in that that it come out of. I was a bit scared at first, but thinkin' it was a creature in distress, I opened the door softly like, an' there he lay for certain, not havin' started for gettin' up at all, at all; but convulsed nigh to death, with a fit of coughin', just like a man just goin' in a decline."

"The vile beggar," exclaimed Bridget; a bustling, stormy looking terrier. "It's not a 'pen' o' money he has in his pocket, I'll warrant, for he didn't take any supper, last night, not a bit; an' it's myself 'ad like to know what right such wretched tramps, have to be round troubling honest people with their worthless carcasses. Did you tell him to get up just, and budge away wid himself?"

"No, for sure," returned the first speaker, with as much surprise in her look as she dared to exhibit in the presence of the turbulent queen of the kitchen. "I've think Bridget, that I'd be sendin' a poor cratur, that had'n't strength enough to stand on the two feet of him, out into the streets to die in the sun!"

"Margaret, you poor ignorant!" said Bridget, boiling with indignation, "don't you know as you ought to; that if he's put sick here, we'll have all the trouble of takin' care of him, both yourself an' me, an' all the money, if there be any, will go into the maister's pockets, an' we not see a bit of it for our pains-takin'; an' this I believe upon my soul he has'n't a farthing to bless hisself wid. So just get back an' do ye'r duty, an' clear the house of the varmint."

Margaret stood still twirling the string of her broom, and looking very much as if she did not intend to comply with this modest request. She had been accustomed to yield implicit obedience to Bridget, but here she was quite at a stand still. So the worthy cook seeing her disobedient appearance, broke forth again: "Git along wid yerself, an' I tell ye, an' if ye don't, I'll just be after tellin' the maister directly, an' ye'll lose yer place very like, for ye'r obstinacy."

"Now Bridget," said Margaret in a tone of remonstrance, "how can ye be so cruel? an' very like the poor gentleman has money wid him, for by the dusty clothes, an' worn like, and then I've heard of a scripature that—"

"Hould yer tongue about the scripatures that ye know nothing about for ye'r no preacher, an' git along! an' as I bid ye, or I'll go an' spake to the maister myself, an' git rid of the beggar an' ye besides; so go along I tell ye."

"Well, I just won't that's all," said Margaret decidedly, as she walked out of the kitchen. Bridget was one of those persons who have always so much to do to take care of their bodies, that their souls have perished long ago for want of nourishment, and they have lost all remembrance that they ever possessed aught of the kind. It was her own interest that prompted her anxiety to be rid of the invalid stranger, because, as she said, "she had no idea of spilling her complexion, (which was

now as delicate as that of a peon), by makin' a bit o' broth, an' a dish a' toast an' ray, for the like o' him." She went therefore to the "maister" as she called him, and with a most disinterested and indignant tale of the "beggar looking man, pestilent with disease, and infectin' honest people, an' chargin' them of their own," roused his ear, and called out his sympathies till they were all safely lodged in his purse; if indeed they had not always occupied that position. He proceeded to Arthur's room, and finding that he was too ill to rise, made diligent inquiry as to the state of his finances, and ascertained that his whole wealth was comprised in a few shillings. Now, the landlord had a vague idea that a man who is sick and dying, needs some care; but he had also another idea, distinct, and well defined, that a prudent man cannot afford to do more than he is paid for, particularly when it is for the benefit of a person who wears old clothes and is destitute of money. He balanced the matter in his mind, considered how long the young man might live without care, how it would sound if a story should go abroad that he had died there from want of attention—the trouble of a death and funeral in the house—the chances of his recovery, &c., &c.; and finding these accumulating questions, too weighty for his decision he referred them to the city authorities. A physician was called who decided that tho' Arthur's disease must soon prove fatal, he might yet live some weeks; and that he was able to be removed. Accordingly, the next morning he was taken from his couch, placed in a dirty, rattling cart, and driven through the city, past the spot where he roamed when he first entered it, and turning in a southerly direction, the driver at length paused before a field studded with stones and drooping willows.

"Ah," thought Arthur, as his eye glanced languidly over the spot, "have they brought me here while I yet live, that I may—"

"Look around, and choose my ground, and take my rest."

Can they have read in my countenance, how much I long for repose in the tomb, and are they intent to gratify my wishes? Truly, there is more sympathy among men than I had credited to their account!" Just in front of the spot where the cart stopped, there stretched a long, low, red building, and from the windows peered forth a motley assembly of faces; there were old, palsied men and toothless women; youths with unsteady steps, and idiot faces; and pale, friendless children. "And I am one of these," he murmured, as they bore him to his wretched apartment in the city poor house.

And the contrast between this shabby and the luxurious dwelling where he had been reared, was strikingly before him. His naturally delicate constitution could only have been expected to have obtained strength for a prolonged life, under the most favorable circumstances. And the anxiety, the difficulties and disappointments, which he had endured in the struggle of life, led him rapidly to the verge of the tomb. For years he had struggled against disease, and refused to confess to himself how feebly the tide of life was ebbing in his bosom, for still, in the midst of discouragement, he lighted again and again the dying lamp of life, and fixed high his aims for health. Much of his want of success, had depended upon bodily weakness, and the ever burning ambition that wore out his spirit; but now all was over, hope, dreams, ambition, all of earth, save deep, undying affection for those he had loved in childhood, and the morbid feeling that he could not inform them of his present situation.

He lay upon the verge of the grave, with the green city of the dead alone visible from the window beside his couch, and thought how sweet would be that repose which would soon fall upon him. An old crone had been placed over him, whose harsh and grudging attentions were a mere annoyance. She would sit down in her chair, and talking to and fro upon the creaking floor, talk to him all day long, in a high shrill tone, of death, and funerals, and wretched tales which she could sometimes scarce repress a smile. His claims upon her care were often disregarded, and when she did comply with his request, it was done in such a way as to show that she thought, as she had once said in his hearing, that "if people must die, there was no use in their living along so, to make a body so much trouble."

"How's your sick man this morning?" said Dr. —, roughly, as he entered the room one day.

"Dear me, I don't know," returned the old woman, rubbing her eyes, for she had yet hardly roused herself, to her morning's task; "do you think he'll hold on much longer, Doctor?"

"Well, how are you?" continued the physician laying his hand heavily on Arthur's wrist.

Arthur closed his eyes with a sickening feeling of the difference which is supposed to exist in the sensibilities of the rich and poor. "What's the matter," said Dr. —, after pausing a moment for an answer, "can't you talk this morning. Any thing new in your symptoms?" You can probably judge better than myself, sir, how rapidly the sands of life are running out; replied Arthur, "I trust that my hour will soon be closed." The physician kept his eyes fixed upon him for a moment. Since he had first been called to attend him, there had been an indistinct idea flitted before his mind. "Have you any friends that you wish to have sent for, or informed of your situation?" Arthur shook his head; but as the physician left the room he said, "I may not see you again, sir, and would like to leave with you the name of a friend, whom you may inform of my death when I am gone."

The name was inserted in the Doctor's memorandum, and he departed.

The day was passing rapidly away, but Arthur felt that the sun of his own life was even nearer horizon, than was that which shone above him. And could he pass away without leaving any record to those he loved so fondly, that he still cherished their memories, and that their images were with him on his dying bed. He felt that he could not, and calling his attendant to him, he asked if he could furnish him with implements for writing. "With what?" asked the old woman.

"Paper and pen; any thing that I can write with." "Dear me, if you ain't a goin' to write, an' you just a dyin'." It's some awful black confession, I'm bound, (or may be he is out of his head, and thinkin' of a will; ha, ha, ha) well there haint a pen in the house, nor nothing like it; people doesn't use such things here."

"Do, my good woman, see if you cannot furnish me with something of the kind."

"Well, just to ease your conscience, I'll try," and muttering something about the dead returning from their graves, unless they died with quiet consciences, she disappeared. After some delay, a substitute for the article he required was brought to him, and he succeeded in tracing with his feeble hand a few lines of deeply breathed affection for his mother and Marion.

This he handed to his attendant, with the request that she would enclose it in the miniature which she would find upon his person, and give them to his physician, to be sent to his friends with the information of his death. She promised compliance and Arthur turned his thoughts from the things of this world, and ere the day was gone, with a smile of peace upon his lips, he lay cold in the embrace of death.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the old woman as she snatched the miniature from the lifeless breast on which it had lain for years. "Who'd a thought that such a poor cratur carried a jewel like this about him; just see here, Susy."

Susy, who was the old woman's only assistant in preparing the dead for burial, was soon at her side, and gazed upon the fair young face, and the jewelled casing around it, with astonishment equal to her own.

"He's been a gentleman some time, I'll lay my life he has—I always thought so. What a pity I hadn't known it before; and she thought what benefit it could have been to her if she had known it. But the miniature was such a prize as had never fallen into her hands, and she felt no disposition to relinquish it now. Therefore after a few moments' consideration, and muttering to herself she proceeded:

"He gave it to me, Susy, because I took so good care of him; but don't you say a word about it, or they'll try to get it away from me. It will buy us many a dainty bit, if you'll keep mum." To this proposition Susy readily assented, and the miniature, with the letter he had written, which the old woman thought proper also to withhold, because it might say something about it, was consigned by her hands to a place of concealment.

The city cemetery, which we have described in such close proximity to the abode of paupers, as to induce the supposition that it had been placed there purposely, in order that the poor man might be borne by a short conveyance,

"To the softest couch, And easiest pillow he had ever had," was a plot of ground of some extent, sloping a little to the South and West. The more elevated portions of it were adorned with many a white stone, and lettered monument; over which the morning willow leaned, and wept; and it seemed a pleasant spot in which to repose after the trials of life. Yet there was one thing for which the eye sought in vain; it was those vaults beneath whose iron bars the bodies of the hallowed dead may rest secure from molestation, in their dreamless sleep. On the lower side there was a spot which seemed devoted to the resting places of those who had occupied humbler stations in life; for many of the graves were marked but by a simple marble slab, while others seemed to have been wholly neglected.

It was in this part of the grave yard, that an aged sexton stood leaning upon his spade on the morning of the day subsequent to that whose close we have just mentioned. Beside him was an open grave which he had prepared for some sleeper. His hat had fallen off in the tall, and the morning air was moving lightly among his hoary locks with which his head was frosted. He was looking over the garden of graves and thinking of the changes he had seen since his spade first touched the soil upon the spot. The flush of early youth was then upon his cheek, and the inhabitants of the now thickly peopled city were few, and scattered. He had grown old among them, and day by day, he had smoothed the narrow couches of their dead, and left them to repose. And now, though the furrows of age lay deep on cheek and brow, he still wielded the spade with a steady hand, and stood firmly on the brink of the grave in which he had lain the young and beautiful to rest. While he yet meditated, a sound of harsh voices broke upon his ear, and looking up he saw three or four men from the poor house, hastening toward him with a rough board coffin, which they set down beside the grave, and then proceeded with many a light word and outstretched hand, to deposit there. When this was done, they moved away and left the sexton to perform his task. No fond one lingered with the last long look upon the loved features of the dead; no tear drop moistened the sod upon that coffin, and no funeral prayer breathed above the soil in which they left him to repose. Travellers who had wandered far among the uncivilized nations of the earth, have written feelingly of witnessing such unholy committals of the human body to the grave as this, but they need not have gone so far in search of such scenes—we have them in our own midst.

"Why, what in the world is this?" exclaimed Dr. —, as he broke open a letter written in a strange hand, which he had just received, and found it to contain bills to some amount. "Walworth, Walworth!" he repeated looking at the signature. "Oh! I see, the friends of that young man

that died at the poor house, a few weeks ago.—Well, it's strange he did not tell us he had friends, the payment of expenses and the erection of a monument, eh?" he continued glancing at the letter. "A liberal supply, to be sure," said the Doctor as his thoughts seemed to wander away upon some perplexing subject, for his brow contracted, and he seemed puzzled for a while, but it cleared away and he again murmured, "It's easy enough putting up the stones if the sexton can point out the spot, and if not, some other will do just as well, and that will be the end of it."

In this opinion, however, he was mistaken for only a few weeks had elapsed ere the brothers of Arthur appeared in the town, and presented themselves to him to be directed to his resting place, for they had come to carry home his remains, that he might sleep amongst his kindred. Mrs. Walworth was absent from home when the news of Arthur's death was received, and the letter of Dr. — had been answered by her sons, before her return; but the degree of attention thus shown could by no means satisfy a mother's yearning love. She had used every means which a mother's heart could suggest to find some traces of her son, and though she had long mourned him as lost, yet her enquiries had never ceased; and now she felt that it would be some consolation to her, to have his remains brought back to the place of his birth, that she might look upon his grave. The old sexton was sought out, and with some hesitation succeeded in fixing upon the spot where he had buried him; and the coffin was exhumed.

Notwithstanding the remonstrance of the physician, the brothers insisted that it should be opened in their presence, and it was done. But why did they start back with horror and anguish depicted on their countenances? Had they not expected to look upon the symbols of decay? Did they not know that the grave is ever busy with its victims, and were they startled at this exhibition of mortality? No, it was not the face of the mouldering dead on which they looked.—The coffin was empty! Dr. — at length offered to undertake the discovery of the body; and after some delay, Richard and Henry Walworth were taken to a town at some distance, to search for the remains of their brother, in the dissecting room of one of the Professors of a Medical Institution. This man was one that practice had hardened in his work, and to whom a sacred reverence of the repose of death had become but as an "old wives fable."

It may, perhaps, be no more possible to imagine than to describe the aggravation of grief, with which the brothers moved among these remnants of breathing, animated beings, until they succeeded in identifying satisfactorily the body of their son.

When they returned to C——, the report of their appearance, and their wealth, had reached the ears of the old crone, who had charge of Arthur in his last sickness; and she determined to try to obtain from them, something for her services. She therefore drew from concealment the letter and miniature, (of the value of which last, she had no correct idea, or she would doubtless have retained it as a sufficient reward,) and sought them out, with a well wired tale of her attentions to the poor young gentleman, her careful preservation of the letter she brought, that she might herself deliver it into the hands of his friends, who, she was sure, would come after him, &c., &c., and at last returned satisfied.

Through the streets of P——, headed by a sable hearse and pall, swept a long, dark funeral train, for the wealth and pride of the city had arrayed themselves in the habiliments of grief, to follow to the final resting place the remains of Arthur Walworth. Strangely did the mournful pomp of this array, contrast with the careless haste with which he was first committed to the tomb. It mattered little to him, who had found refuge in the mansion of peace, whether the symbols of himself which were left behind, were yielded to an undisturbed repose; but it seemed much to those who had loved him while here, and whose hearts still clung around those symbols, as all that was felt them to cherish.

It was on the day succeeding these funeral ceremonies, that Mrs. Walworth drew forth, for the first time for perusal, the letter which contained Arthur's last message to herself.

She had not before felt that she had strength to read it. As she opened it, the miniature of Marion fell upon the table.

Mrs. Walworth started. In an instant the whole truth flashed upon her mind, and all that appeared to her as inexplicable in the conduct of Marion was fully explained. She saw it clearly, so clearly that she was astonished at her own blindness in not having understood it before. And the long and cruel misunderstanding between herself and the daughter of her friend, had been occasioned by that which would have rendered her a thousand times more dear, if she had known it. The letter was a sufficient corroboration of that which now needed no proof. A pull of the bell summoned a servant to the door. "Joseph," said she in a choked and husky voice, "do you know aught of Marion—Marion Wells? can you tell me?"

"Dear heart, no," returned Joseph, his eyes filling with tears, "I met her on foot in the streets a few months ago, and she was looking so pale and thin, I am sure—"

"Order the carriage directly, and do your best among the servants to find if they know anything of her. Learn where she is if possible."

"Did you see the grand funeral yesterday?" asked one of a trio of women, assembled in an apartment on an obscure street in P——

"No, I wasn't there," replied another of the party, "but Judith told me all about it. They say it was the young man that has been gone these six or eight years; and nobody knew any thing about him. He didn't die at home, did he?"

"Mercy, no, then you haven't heard all the awful things there was about it!" said the first speaker. "Awful, what were they? do tell," exclaimed both auditors at once. And the woman, happy to

be the first in imparting the information, proceeded with the relation of all the aggravating circumstances, with which the reader is already acquainted. As they proceeded in this narration, and their various comments upon it, a groan, and a low guttural sound, as of a person in the process of strangulation, were heard in an adjoining apartment. "Dear me," exclaimed one of the party, starting up, "I do believe you've scared her most to death, and she as good as a Walworth, too; it's strange we couldn't have thought," and the trio rushed together into the room. A small thin figure was reclining upon a couch, apparently in a swoon. The blood had gushed from her mouth and nostrils; and her features had assumed the rigidity of death. And if the dark, clustering curls had not been sufficient to betray her identity, one would scarce have recognized in that thin, emaciated face the "Gentle Fawn of P——," as she had been universally termed but a few years before.

That Marion had suffered, was evident; but none knew the secret grief that gnawed at her heart's core. Until that hour she had not heard the name of Arthur breathed for years, and with the restless yearning that had worn her spirits out, it was not strange that the tale she had now heard should fall upon her like the stroke of death.

The exertions of those around her restored her after a time, and then the woman who had first started to her assistance, and in whose charge she was, cleared the room of company, and had seated herself to keep everything around her quiet, that the mind of the invalid might recover from the shock it had received. But while she was still busied in this kind office, a new individual appeared upon the premises. She was just crossing the hall to Marion's room, when Mrs. Walworth approached her hastily from the street door, and demanded if Marion Wells resided there. "Yes, she does," replied the woman, "but she's sick, and—"

"But I must see her," interrupted Mrs. Walworth.

"No, you can't, there can't any body go in; they've scared her almost to death already with their talk, and I cannot let any one in."

"But, my good woman," persisted Mrs. Walworth, "I must see her, I cannot be refused, she is my child, and I must see her."

"Well now," said the woman, "I know that she has no kindred on earth, and it won't do to have her disturbed."

"Let her in, Kate," said a man who approached at this moment, "let her in. It is Madame Walworth, that should have been her mother, it she isn't. She fetched her up, and has a right to see her."

"But—" said Kate,—her remonstrance, however, was too late, for William threw open the door, and, with all the calmness she could assume, Mrs. Walworth entered the room. Marion recognized her, and grasped her hand as she approached the bedside. "Marion," said she with a voice tremulous with emotion, "I have come to ask your forgiveness," and Mrs. Walworth burst into tears—Marion strove to speak, but it was a vain attempt; a warm pressure of the hand she held, however, was sufficient to show that she harbored none but kindly emotions towards her. The woman had indeed told her that Marion was dying, but she was not prepared to find her, as she did, in the very arms of death. "Marion, my child, my child," sobbed she, "how can I give you up now that I have you once more? Arthur, our poor Arthur, a few lines he wrote on his death bed told me all. Oh, that I had known it before!" "What did he write?" whispered the dying girl with a sudden energy.

"It was mostly for you, assuring you of undying attachment, and—your miniature enclosed." A sweet smile flitted across her features, and Mrs. Walworth felt the hand she held grow cold and rigid in her own. Marion was gone.

AN APPEAL FOR THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

"Make a crusade against ignorance."—Jefferson.

NO. VI. SELF-CULTURE AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

"What is a man If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more. Sure, He that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To us in us unused." SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO:

If our common schools were, in all respects, what they should be, each youth who goes out from them, when his school day is past, to take his place in the active ranks of this busy world, would not only carry with him the present advantage of good habits and a well trained mind; but he would also have, deep-planted in his soul, such impulses to continued progress and self-improvement, as would make his whole life, a life of advancing virtue, and knowledge, and power.

Thus, only, does man fulfil his destiny. The teacher's work may soon be done, but not so the scholar's. He who created man, did not intend that his mind should be stationary like that of a brute animal; but he made him "in his own image," with a capacity for boundless improvement.

—Infinite in faculties, In comprehension, like a god."

"We can fix our eyes," said Doctor CHANNING, "on perfection, and make almost everything speed us towards it. This is indeed a noble prerogative of our nature. Possessing this, it matters little what our where we are now, for we can conquer a better lot, and even be happier for starting from the lowest point. Of all the discoveries which men need to make, the most important, at the present moment, is that of the self-forming power treasured up in themselves."

Among the most efficient inducements and aids to self-culture, are those which are the usual concomitants of good common schools. LECTURES,

and all the various forms of association for mutual improvement, LIBRARIES, LECTURES, and newspapers, are always found where the youthful mind is properly cultivated. By help of these, they, whose early education has been neglected, may do much towards retrieving their loss. Why are these means of improvement so little thought on in Ohio? There is not a single village in the State which might not have them all; and, in my opinion, there is not a single school district in the State which might not sustain a good part of them; at least, its little debating club, its books, its newspapers, and, if proper effort were made, its occasional lectures. What an almost infinite addition could thus be made to the social pleasures, as well as to the intellectual elevation, of the great mass—the toiling million!

One of the most splendid examples that the world has ever produced of what may be accomplished in the way of self-culture, was once alluded to by the great champion of Education in England, (I mean Lord Brougham), in these words:—"If these pages should fall into the hands of any one, at an hour for the first time stolen from his needful rest, after his day's work is done, I ask him to reward me (who have written them for his benefit, at the like hours) by saving three pence during the next fortnight, buying with it *Franklin's Life*, and reading the first page. I am quite sure he will read the rest; I am almost quite sure he will resolve to spend his spare time and money in gaining those kinds of knowledge which from a printer's boy made that first philosopher and the first statesman of his age. Few are fitted by nature to go as far as he did, and it is not necessary to lead so perfectly abstemious a life, and to be so rigidly saving of every instant of time. But all may go a good way after him, both in temperance, industry, and knowledge, and no one can tell, before he tries, how near he may be able to approach him."

NO. VII.
"There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of Empire and of Arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts."

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO:

The State of Ohio has already a population of almost two millions; and before the child that is born to day shall count the twentieth year of his age, there will be, at least, three millions of people within her borders. Happily situated among her sister States, with an agricultural population that is exempt from the corrupting influences of great duties and a merely commercial spirit, possessing a healthy climate, and a soil that kindly gives quick and rich returns to the labor bestowed upon it, having the most splendid facilities for the exchange of all her products, and for swift communication with every portion of this American Continent; nothing is wanting that her star may ever shine with glorious lustre upon the advancing banner of the confederacy, but that, by a wise education, she should make all her citizens intelligent and virtuous, harmonious and happy, brave and high-spirited.

This, then, is the task which we should give to our common school; and this is the work they should be fitted to perform. Let the rising generation be taught to know, and love, the true, the beautiful and the good. Let the minds of all our youth be stored with knowledge; let their heart, be filled with virtuous impulses; and let them, as they start upon the journey of life, be always prepared to enter, at once, upon the paths of usefulness and honor.

It there be a father among you who does not desire these things, I will appeal from his cold heart to the warm affections that throbb within a mother's breast. What mother does not desire her child's improvement above all earthly treasures? Even when it is but a tender infant in her arms, with whetting eyes will she strive to penetrate the veil that hides the flight of Time, and imagination, sweet or sad, revolve innumerable thoughts of the joys and sorrows, the toils and triumphs of its future life? So earnestly does she yearn for its welfare, and so much does she prize its success, that in comparison, her utmost cares are nothing, and she can ever welcome her own life's end, if she but sees beyond it the happiness and honor and glory of her child.

Could maternal love decide this question, all that I have asked, would soon be accomplished.—But will not every generous mind feel and see the same? The business of improving our means of education belongs to all alike. Every one who has tasted the sweets of knowledge, should be willing to give them to others. Every one who is conscious of the evils of ignorance and bad education, should take care that they do not become a legacy to their children. Every disciple of him who while on earth, "went about doing good," whether his place be in church-pulpit or pew, or every man who would do his duty to his God, or to his country, or to himself, should, promptly give his cordial support to this work, and cease not to push it onward, until it be done. The peaceful banner of education is one, under which all parties and all sects may rally; and, therefore, its expansive folds of heavenly white may well be entwined with that "Star-Spangled Banner" which ever shall—

—Wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

In a few days from the hour in which I am now writing, will occur the sixty-ninth anniversary of our national independence, the glad festivities of which, must remind us of the deeds of our fathers. The labors which founded our Republic were begun by them, amid doubt, and gloom, and difficulties, such as seldom attend upon human affairs. The splendor of their success adorned their names with undying glory, and the whole world acknowledges that—

"Great were the hearts and strong the minds Of those who framed, in high debate, The immortal legend of love that binds Our fair broad Empire, State with State."

But that noble race is gone, and it is for us and our children to perpetuate the institutions which they established. In the first of these papers, I showed to you that it was their belief that virtue and knowledge, as the fruits of a wise education, were the only bulwarks which could ensure our safety. In this, the last paper which I shall write, I can do nothing better than to refer you again, to their high authority;—being sure that if you, and all the American people, will but listen to them, and imitate their example, there is no fear but that the cause of Education, and every other good cause, will be sufficiently cared for.

Your fellow citizen,
JOHN LUTHER.